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LABBO

THE DUCK

#1

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TRAPPED IN A WORLD HE NEVER FRAGGED!!



FRAGGIN' WAULUGH!

MANHATTAN STANDS IN RUINS.

FLAMES FLICKER WHERE ONCE PEOPLE NETWORKED. THE RICH MEN'S TOWERS ARE GONE (AS ARE THE POOR MEN'S TOWERS, THOUGH THESE GUYS WERE ONLY RELATIVELY POOR. THEY WERE STILL QUITE RICH. LIKE, HOW MANY TOWERS HAVE YOU GOT?)

AND OVER THE GRIM SCENE HOVERS THE UNMISTAKABLE STENCH OF DEATH BY ROASTING.

IT'S ALL COMING BACK T' ME! TH' OFFENDING SOCIETY HIRED ME TA HELP THEM IN THEIR BATTLE AGAINST TH' MYSTERY VILLAIN WHO'S DESTROYIN' TH' WORLD CITY BY FRAGGIN' CITY! *

" BUT AFTER WE DEFEATED GREEN SKULL AND THANOSEID, WE DISCOVERED THEY WERE ONLY PAWNS IN TH' PLOT! WE HURRIED BACK TO OUR MANHATTAN H.Q. — ONLY TA BE CONSUMED BY A MONSTROUS FIREBALL O' ORIGIN MYSTERIOSO! "

DOC STRANGEFATE?

AQUATIC AL GRANT script
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RAY "THE COOT" KRYSSING inker
FRANCESCO PONZI colorist
SHOK STUDIOS separations
ORANGE SAUCE OAKLEY letterer
PETER "TEAL" TOMASI associate ed.
BAD DUCK RASPLER editor
LOBO THE DUCK created by a fowl freak of nature

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* SEE GIANT SIZED BAT-THING #69.



YOUR SPIRIT CAN COME BACK NOW, DOC. TH' DANGER'S OVER.

DOC?



HE'S DEAD! BURNED TO A CRISP!

AND TH' OTHERS-- SKULK, VIKKI VALKYRIE, AND HAWKHAWK--THEIR GOOSE IS COOKED, TOO!

hyuk, hyuk! SERVES TH' GOODY-GOODY BASTICHES RIGHT! I NEVER LIKED 'EM, ANYWAY!



STILL, THEY DID PAY ME UPFRONT T' TRACK DOWN THIS ULTIMATE SUPREME BASTICH BADDO-- AN' LOBO'S A DUCK O' HIS WORD!

BETTER GET ON WITH IT-- THEN MAYBE I'LL GET TA GO HOME!

unh...!



ANY IDEA WHO DID THIS TA YA, PAL?

K-KID... LEY...!



DON'T LOOK LIKE I CAN CALL ON NO OTHER HEROES FER HELP, NEITHER. TH' FLASH EFFECT HAS BURNED THEIR IMAGES ONTA TH' WALL--

--AN' TURNED THEM TA DUST!

AN' NOT ONLY THAT-- MY FRAGGIN' IMPOSSIBLE DAWG IS CHANGIN' INTA CHARACTERS THAT DON'T EVEN EXIST IN THIS UNIVERSE!

MANHATTAN TRASHED--THE HEROES DEAD--THE IMPOSSIBLE DAWG VIOLATING THE VERY LAWS OF CONTINUITY-- AND ONCE AGAIN THE FATE OF OUR FRAGILE PLANET EARTH RESTS ON THE STRINGY SHOULDERS OF A PSYCHOTIC DUCK...



hmm...

WHAT'M I GONNA DO?

GUESS TH' DINER'S OPEN. I COULD SURE USE A BEER!

BUT EVEN AS OUR HERO SETS OFF, COLD EYES WATCH HIM FROM THE CHARRED SHADOWS...



THE DUCK STILL LIVES.

NO MATTER!



THOUGH OUR MASTER, DOCTOR BONGFACE, IS IMPRISONED IN A SPANGLITE CAGE ON THE MOON,* THE DESTRUCTION OF MANHATTAN WILL PARADOXICALLY GIVE HIM THE POWER TO BREAK FREE!



* SEE ISSUE #35, LOBO THE DUCK MAGAZINE.

AND THEN-- TREMBLE, O UNIVERSE!



ALSO, TREMBLE, O DUCK, 'COS THE DOC'S GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH YOU!

BUT WHY DOES HE NEED THE BODIES OF DEAD SUPERHEROES?

HEY, I'M A SIMPLE HENCHMAN, NOT NO CRIMINAL GENIUS!





SMART MOVE,
GOIN' UNDERGROUND,
AL!



YEAH, AFTER THE SIXTH TIME
YOU DESTROYED MY PREMISES, I
FIGURED I BETTER WISE UP! CITY'S
HALF GONE, I HEAR, BUT WE'RE
SAFE AND SASSY DOWN HERE!

GOT A COUPLA
SIXPACKS AN' A
SUPERVILLAIN
DIRECTORY?



LOBO THE
DUCK, huh? MEET
AMBUSH THE
LUNATIK!

I HEAR
YER AFTER
THE SAME
ULTIMATE
SUPREME
UNKNOWN
VILLAIN
I AM.

SO WHAT,
MALLARD-
BREATH?



SO DON'T GET IN MY WAY, BOY!

WANNA SEE HOW WE TREATS FOWL WHERE I COME FROM?



FIRST WE SHOOTS 'EM--

YANK!

--THEN WE PLUCKS 'EM--



--AN' THEN WE EATS 'EM!

CHOMP!



HAW HAW HAW!

AVERT THOSE CUTESY EYES, CUTESY-PIES. DANGED IF I DON'T FEEL A CERTAIN MURKISH VIOLENCE COMIN' ON!



WOK!



WANNA KNOW HOW WE TREATS CHUMPS WHERE I COME FROM, LOONEY?



FIRST WE MOLLIFICATES 'EM TILL THEY'RE DAZED--



--THEN WE STOMPS 'EM TILL THEY'RE TENDER--

STOMP! STOMP!



YOU KNOW--

--YOU READERS OUT THERE DON'T REALIZE HOW LUCKY YOU ARE. LIKE, YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO PURSUE LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS, TO LIVE IN THREE-DIMENSIONAL SOLIDITY, AND TO EXPECT SIMPLE DAY-TO-DAY CONTINUITY.

HI-TEK
GRAVITY LABS
OF NEW YORK CITY

BUT TAKE ME
AND RON HERE...

HI!

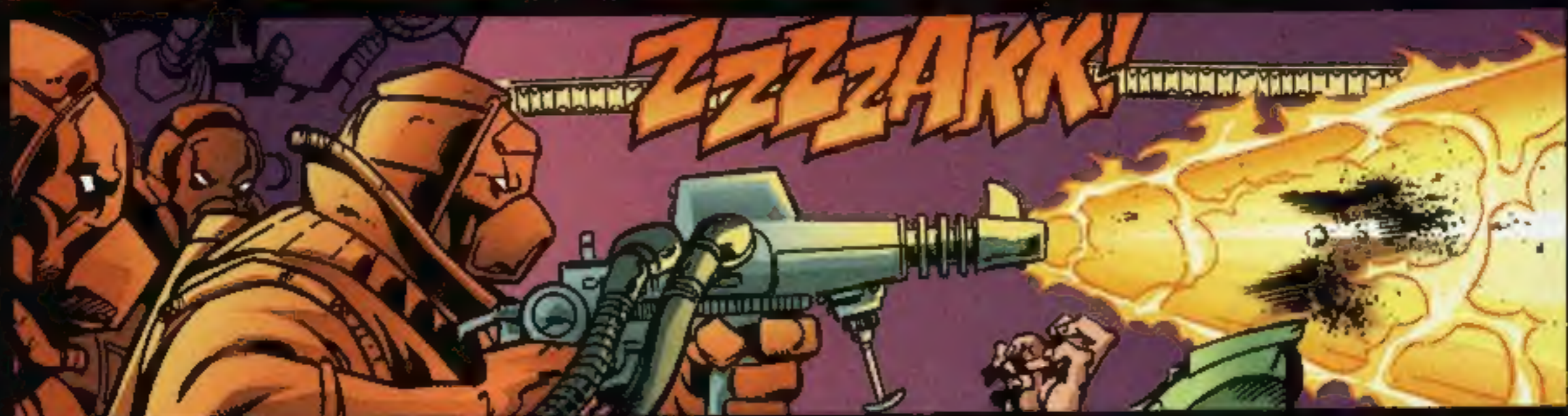
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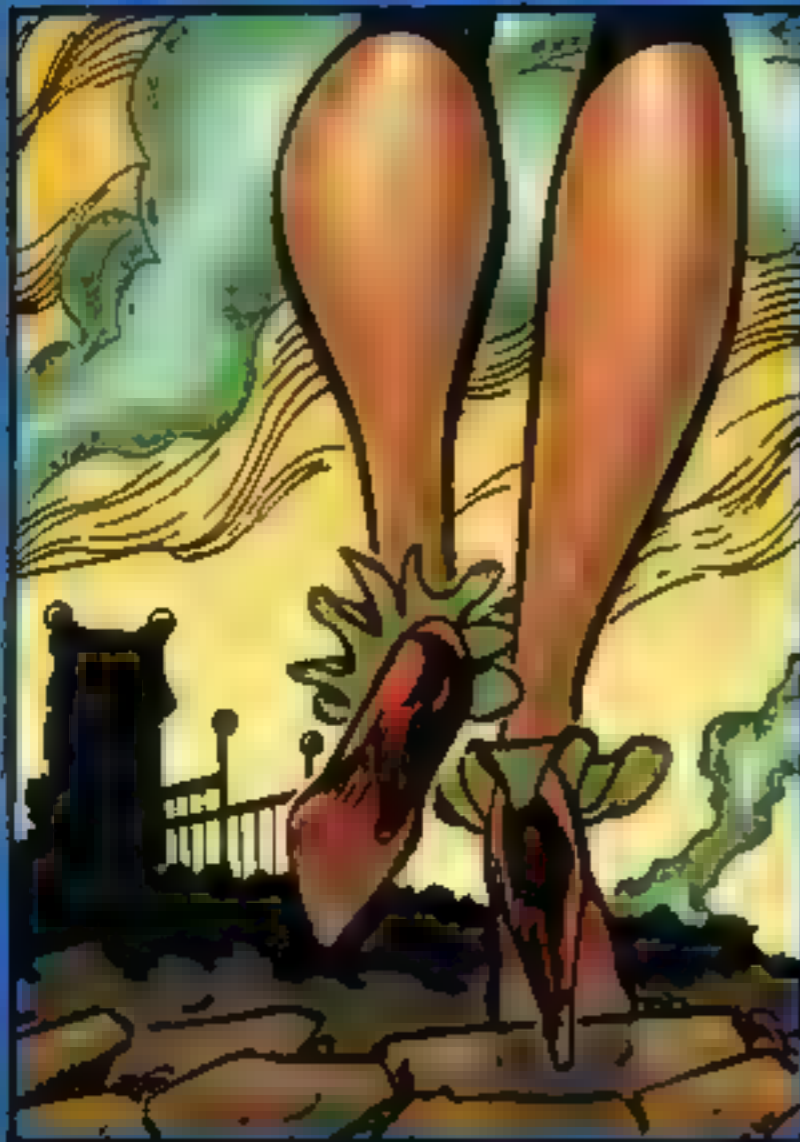
WE WORK IN THE LABS, BUT WE'RE NO SCIENTISTS, SO WE DON'T GET ANY SPECIAL CHARACTER TREATMENT. WE'RE JUST WORKING-CLASS STIFFS CREATED ON A WHIM! PATSIES WHO'LL BE RUBBED OUT AFTER A FEW BRIEF PANELS OF LIFE--JUST TO EMPHASIZE HOW BAD THE BAD GUYS ARE!

ZZZZZTTTT

BLANNNG!

WHAT
DID I TELL
YOU...?





SORRY I'M LATE, AL, BUT I HAD TO HELP AN OLD LADY LOOK FOR HER INTESTINES AFTER SHE WAS EVICERATED BY A WILD DOG SPOOKED BY THE FIRES, AND--

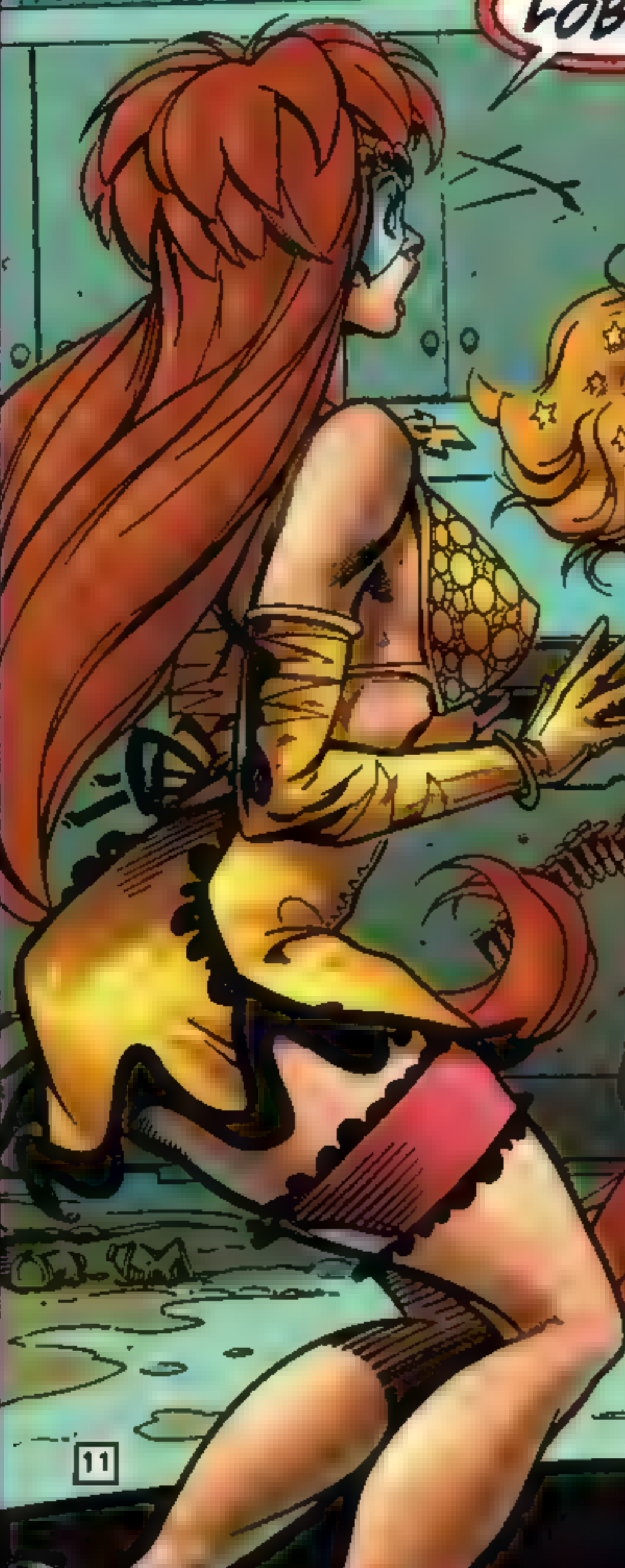
WHAAAT?



LOBO!

YO, BEVARLENE! STILL TH' SWEETEST BUNS IN SOHO! JOIN US, BABE--

--TH' MAIN DUCK'S GOT QUACK ENOUGH FER THREE!



BUT--YOU TOLD ME YOU LOVED ME! * YOU SWORE YOU'D ALWAYS STAY TRUE!

YOU SAID YOU WANTED ME TO HAVE YOUR DUCKLINGS!



*SEE GIANT SIZED BAT-THING #6

I DID? BEG PARDON, BEV, BUT I AIN'T FUNCTIONIN' TOO GOOD THIS MORNIN'. I THINK SOMEBODY BLOWED ME UP!

GUESS TH' AMNESIA'S WORSE THAN I THOUGHT!

IT'S YOUR HORNY GLANDS THAT ARE WORSE THAN I THOUGHT, YOU-- YOU-- LOTHARIO, YOU!

SPANK!

BUT I CAN EXPLAIN--!

SAVE IT FOR YOUR HUSSIES, MISTER!

POW!

WOK!

BAD DANKS
and
SUPER-VILLAINS

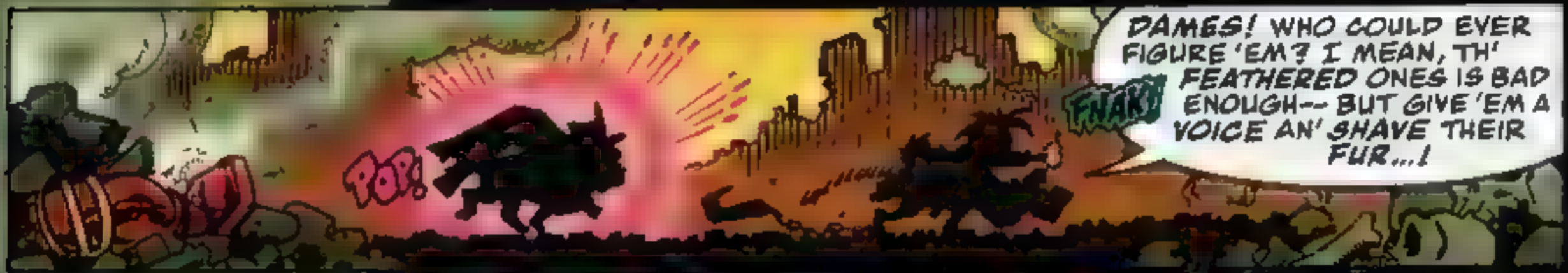
GET OUT OF HERE AND DON'T EVER COME BACK!

POP!

BOOT!

I HATE YOU, YOU FECKLESS DUCK--

--I HATE YOU!



DAMES! WHO COULD EVER FIGURE 'EM? I MEAN, TH' FEATHERED ONES IS BAD ENOUGH-- BUT GIVE 'EM A VOICE AN' SHAVE THEIR FUR...!

GUESS I'LL SORT IT OUT LATER, WHEN SHE CALMS DOWN. MEAN-TIME, I OUGHTA BE GETTIN' BACK TA WORK.

LESSEE WHAT TH' SUPERVILLAIN DIRECTORY'S GOT TA SAY ABOUT KID LEY...!

KID ARMPIT-- KID AROUND--KID STUFF-- THE WACO KID-- THE WACKY KID-- KID KNEE-- BUCK NEKKID-- KIPPA KIPPER-- KID KALAMITY-- KID-U-NOT-- KID ZARRUS--



-- BUT NO KID LEY!

GLAP LEATHER, YA MANGY, DUCK-AGGED BASTICH!



JONAS TURNIP! GAMOROLA! BILLIE TH' MILLIE!

'S GREAT TO SEE YA AGAIN, DUCKBO!

BUT I THOUGHT YOU GUYS WERE CAPTURED AN' CREAMED BY DOC BONGFACE WHEN HE HAD CONTROL O' TH' CRYSTAL ROD O' STEWART-- THAT IS, DOOM?*

YEAH, WE WUZ.

BUT WE ESCAPED WITH TH' HELP OF A DEMI-GOD, ** AN' NOW WE'RE SPOILIN' FER A FIGHT! SEE, I DISCOVERED WHO'S BEHIND ALL OF THIS-- EVERYTHIN' BAD THAT'S HAPPENED SINCE YA FIRST SET FOOT ON EARTH!

I KNOW WHO'S DESTROYIN' TH' CITIES-- WHO INTENDS TA DESTROY TH' WORLD-- TH' UNIVERSE!

* SEE THE SAVAGE SWORD OF LOBO THE DUCK #52-55.

** SEE BOWHUNTERS SPECIAL #1.

WHO? TELL ME, JONAS!

IT'S--

immggf!

SHONK!

YOUR LIPS ARE SEALED-- AND SO IS YOUR FATE!

YES, IT IS ME-- DARYL--

-- DARYL RUTABAGA!

YOUR BROTHER!

DOOF

I PLANTED A BUG ON YOU WHILE YOUR SPACECRAFT WAS LAID UP IN THE NETHER-PLACE!*

I'VE MONITORED YOUR EVERY MOVE SINCE THEN, WAITING FOR THE DAY YOU WOULD RETURN TO MEET YOUR DEATH AT MY HANDS!

WHAH!

* WAY BACK IN THE UNSETTLING LOBO THE PLUCK#1.

THE HANDS OF THE MAN YOU BETRAYED TO THE LAW!

SHOULDN'T WE STOP THEM?

NEVER GET BETWEEN KIN, BABE!

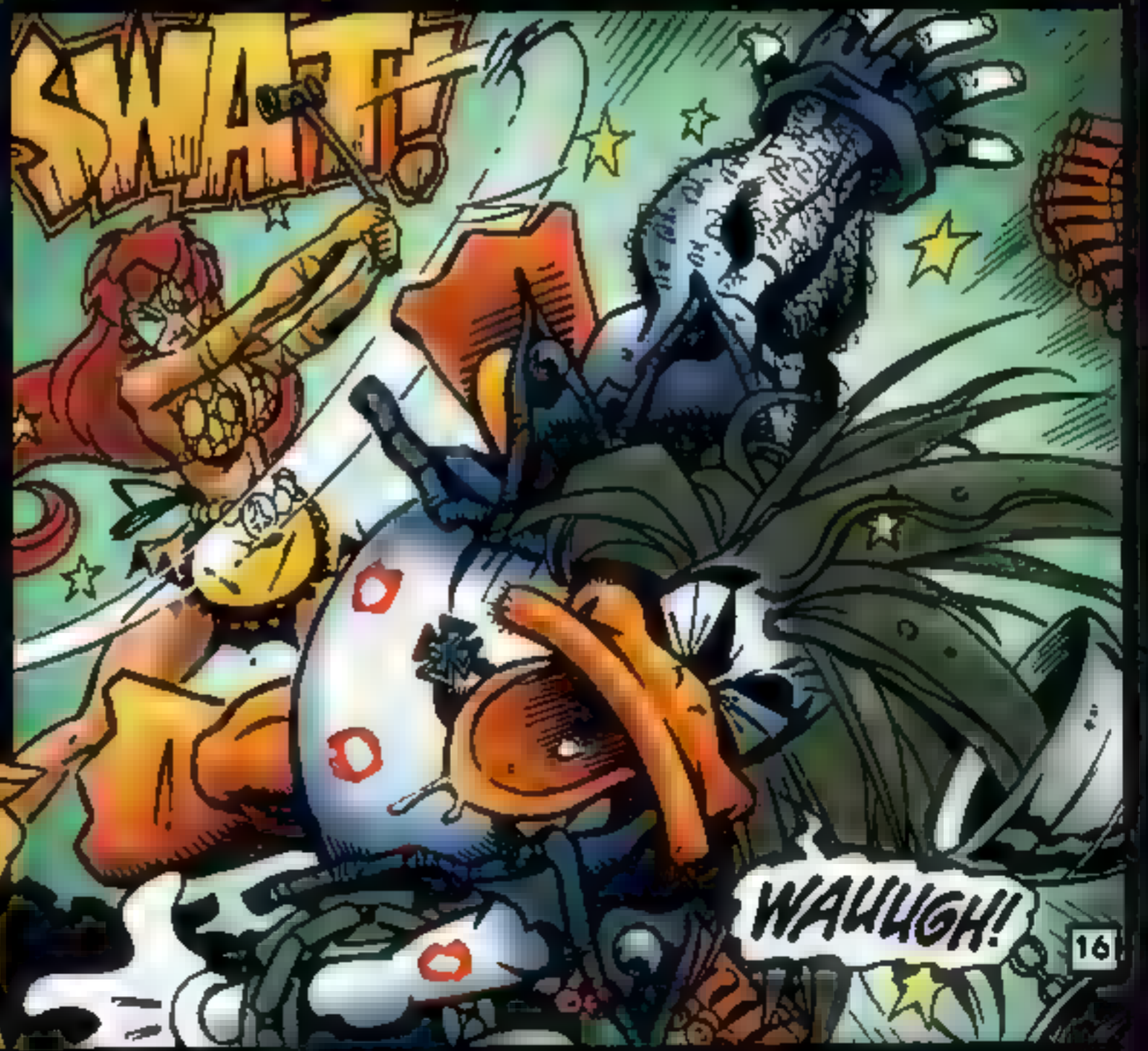
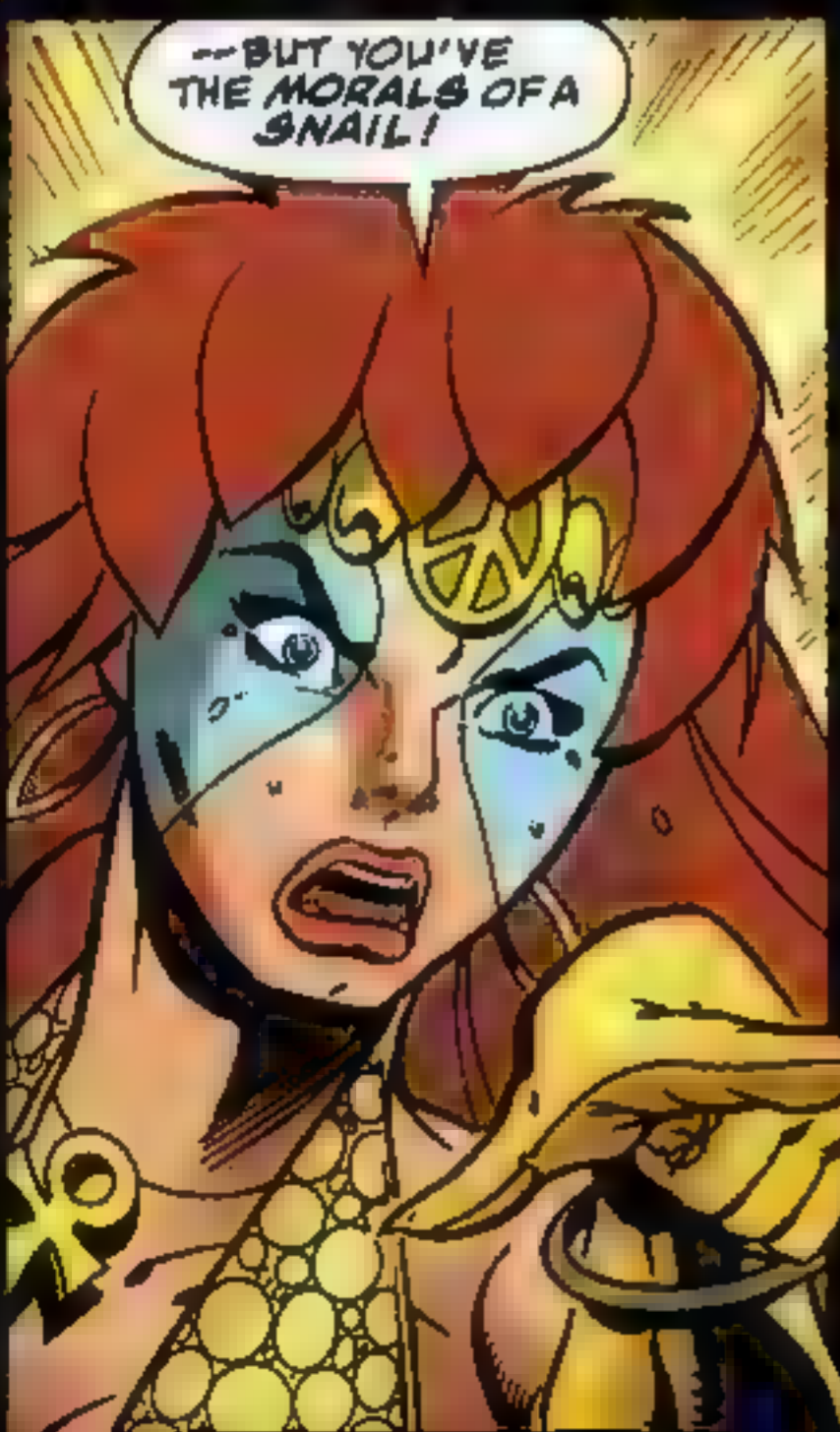
POP!

DID HE TELL YOU WHO TH' VILLAIN WUZ?

NOPE! JONAS PLAYS IT CLOSE TO HIS CHEST.

WELL, UNLESS YER IN A HURRY--

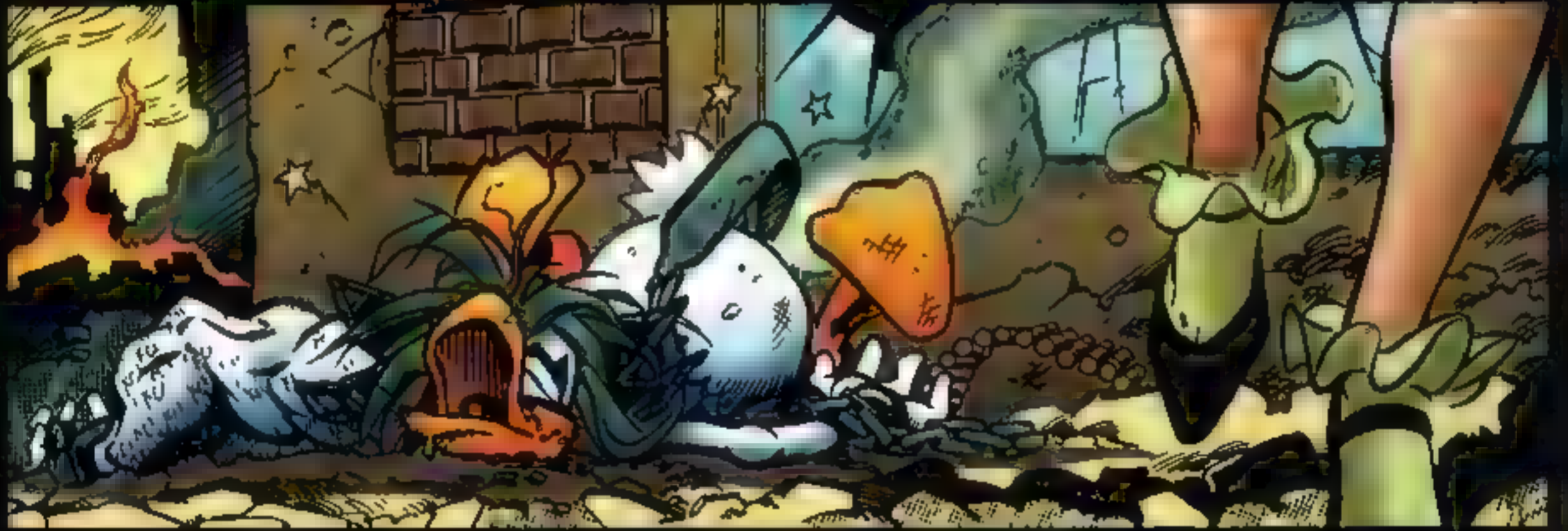
--HOW 'BOUT WE GO PLAY A GAME O' SARDINES?





GORRY, LOVE!
HE'S JUST SO
DARNED CUTE!

WAKK!
WAKK!
WAKK!
WAKK!
WAKK!



sheesh!
THIS IS FRAGGIN'
RIDICULLUS!

SOMEHOW I KNOW TH'
KEY T' THIS WHOLE SHEBANG
IS LOCKED UP IN MY OWN HEAD!
MAYBE I DIDN'T LOSE MY
MEMORY... MAYBE THEY PUT
AN AMNESIA BLOCK
ON ME! *

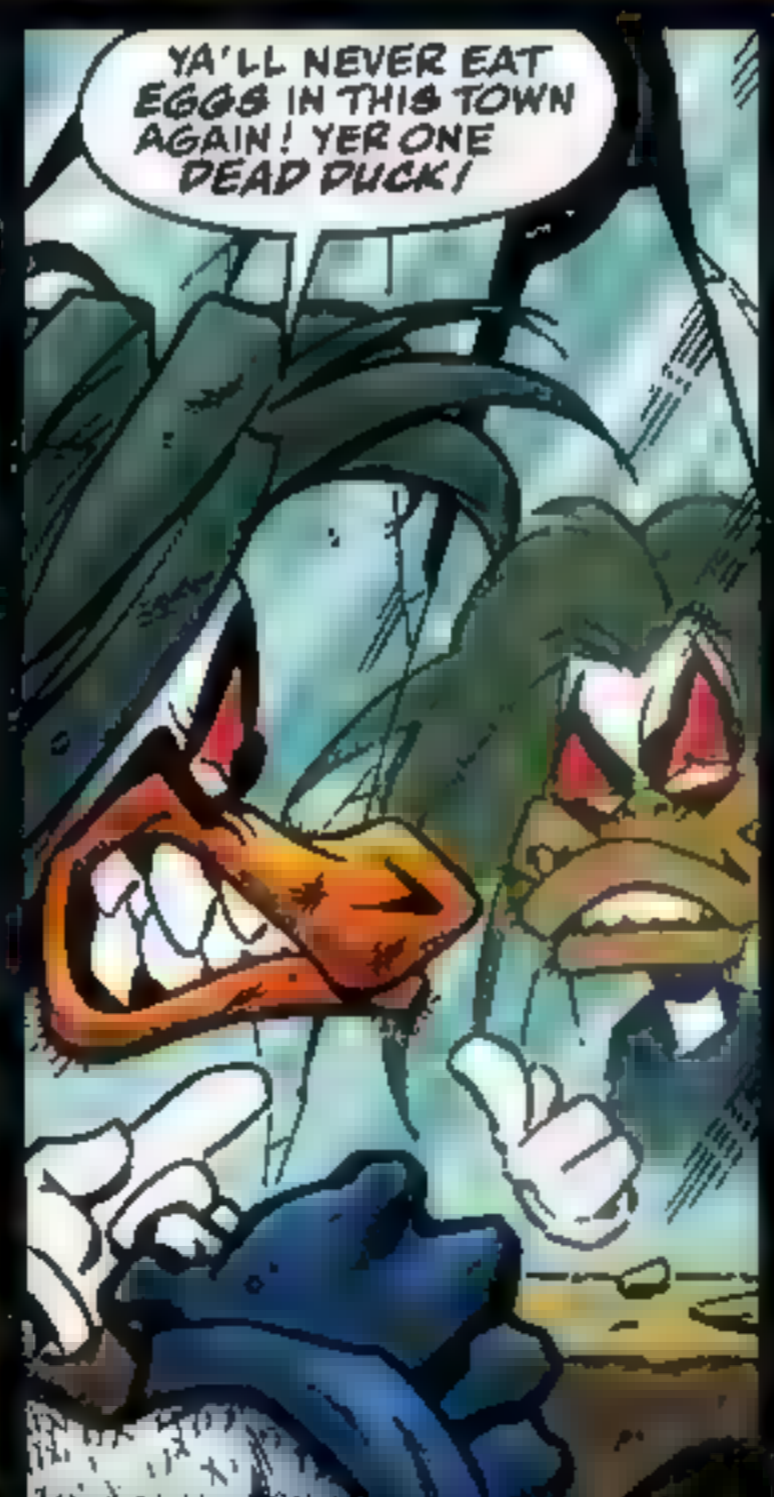
BUT HOW WOULD
I KNOW IF I CAN'T
REMEMBER?

* THEY DID! SEE GIANT
SIZED BAT-THING #3

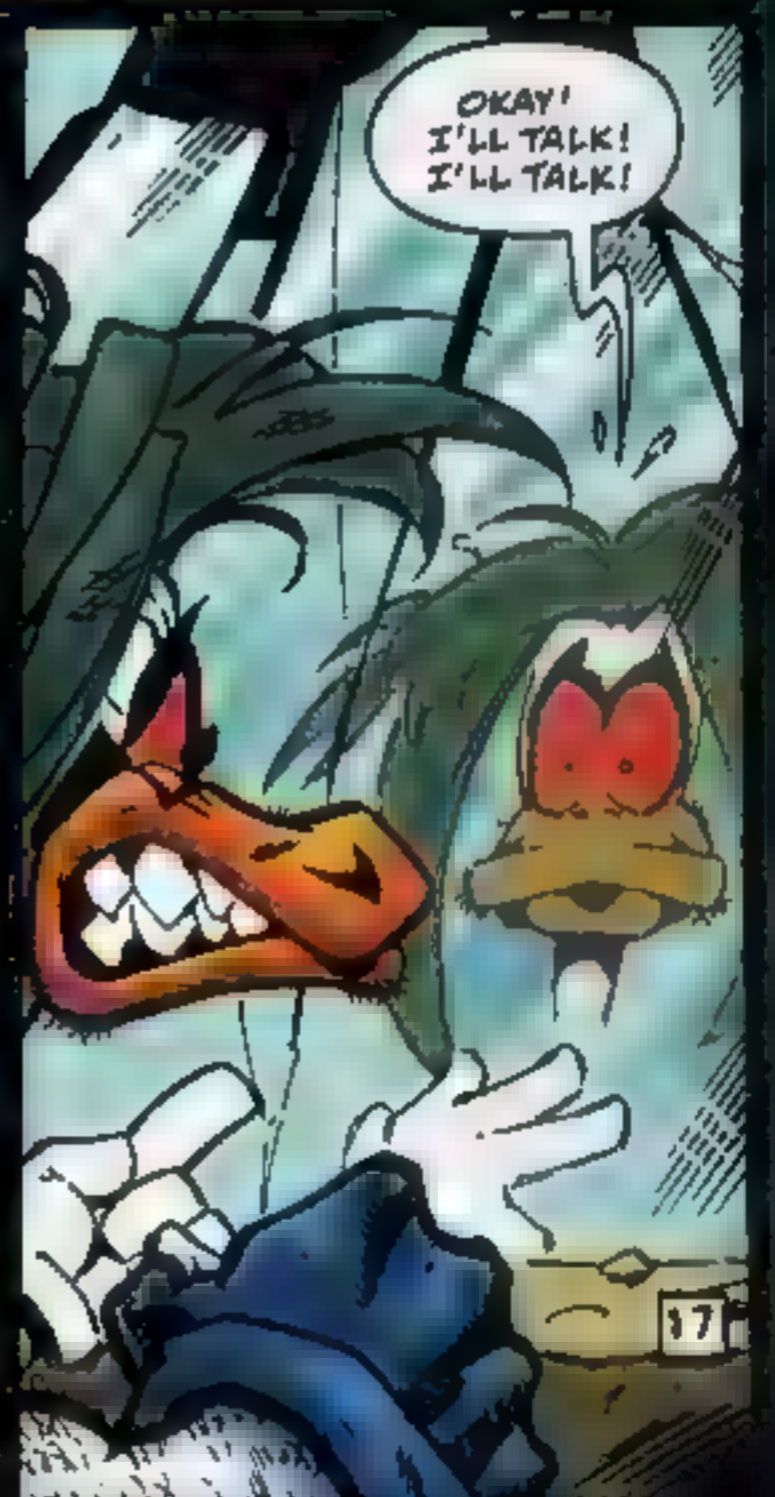


REMEMBER, YA
NO-GOOD BASTICH!

REMEMBER,
OR I'LL PUNCH
YA INTA PULP, THEN
STRAIN YA THROUGH
A SIEVE!



YA'LL NEVER EAT
EGGS IN THIS TOWN
AGAIN! YER ONE
DEAD DUCK!



OKAY!
I'LL TALK!
I'LL TALK!

--IN THE PRESENCE OF THE
SPLENDOR AND MAJESTY OF...
GOLD KIDNEY-LADY!

ALL
RISE--

BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ
BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ
BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ BAZ

TEACH
US TO
CLEANSE!

GOLD
KIDNEY!

GOLD
KIDNEY!

GOLD
KIDNEY-
LADY!

LEAD
US IN
PURGES!

ALL
EVIL IN THE UNIVERSE CAN BE
INFALLIBLY TRACED BACK TO IMPROPERLY FUNCTIONING
KIDNEYS! FOR IS IT NOT WRITTEN, "FILTER NOT THE
IMPURITIES, AND YE SHALL SUFFER, YEA, EVEN UNTO
THE SEVENTH GENERATION?"

MY KIDNOIDS,
FATE HAS CHOSEN US
TO CLEANSE THE KIDNEYS
OF THE WORLD-- OF THE
GALAXY ITSELF! WE WILL
PURGE THEM, FILTER THEM,
SWEEP THE DIRT AWAY
'ROUND THE HIDDEN
BEND!

LET THE FINAL
PURIFICATION
BEGIN-- AS I START THE
GRAVITONINOUTOMETER
THAT WILL HERALD THE
END FOR THIS FILTHY,
FILTHY PLANET!



-- BUT YA'LL NEVER PREVAIL WHILE TH' MAIN DUCK'S BEEN PAID A BUNCHA BUCKS TA STOP YA!

IT ENDS HERE, GOLD KIDNEY-LADY!

LOBO THE DUCK!

IT WASN'T "KID LEY" TH' GUY WITH TH' SPEECH IMPEDIMENT WUZ TRYIN' TA TELL ME... IT WAS KIDNEY... YOU!--

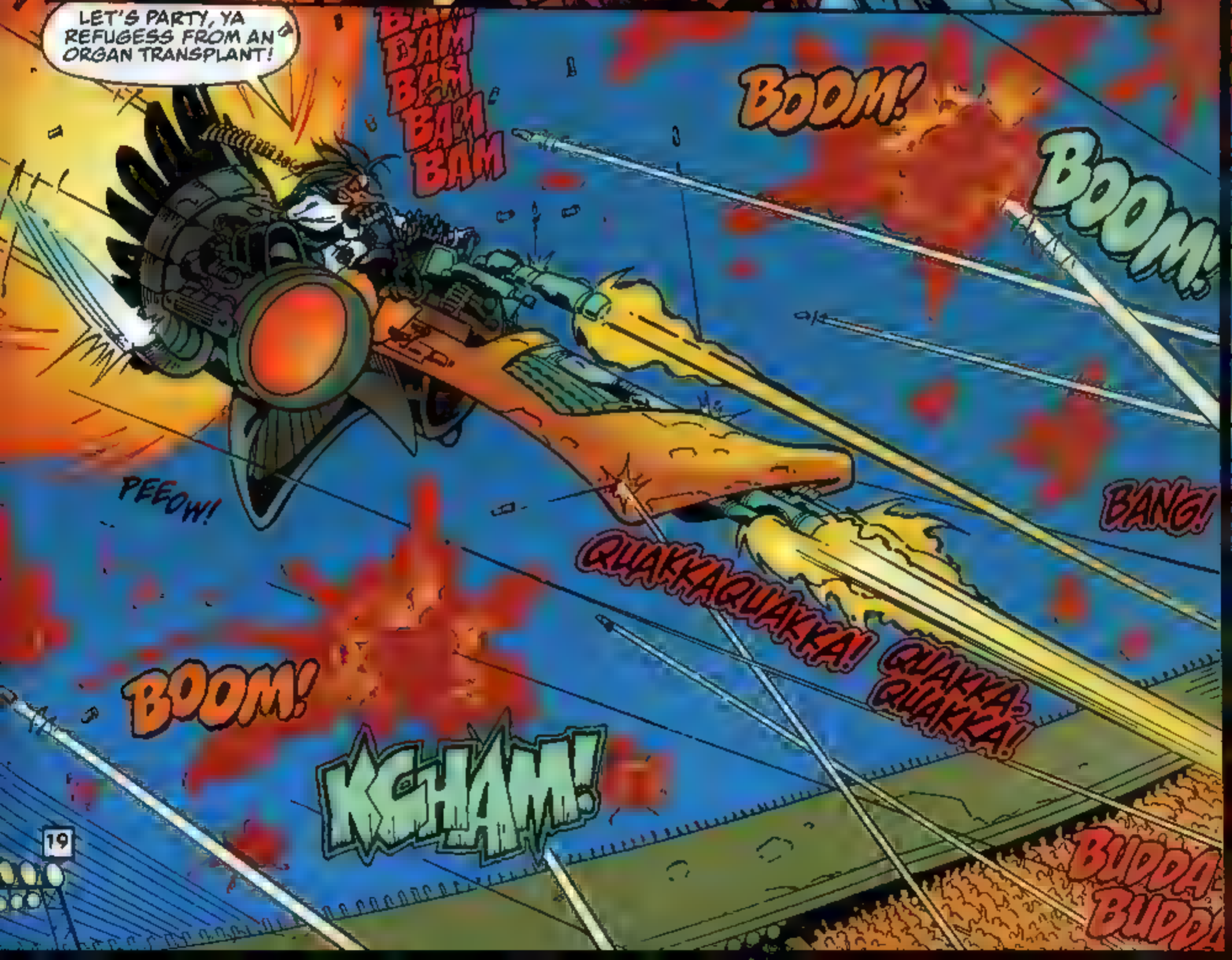


I'D KILL YOU MYSELF, ONLY THE EXERTION'S BAD FOR MY KIDNEYS!

SLAY HIM, MY KIDNOID MINIONS!

KLAK! LATCH! CHAK! KAK! CLIK! CHOK! KIK!

LET'S PARTY, YA REFUGESS FROM AN ORGAN TRANSPLANT!



BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM

BOOM!

BOOM!

PEEOW!

BANG!

QUAKKAQUAKKA! QUAKKA QUAKKA!

BOOM!

KGHAM!

BUDDA BUDDA



DUCK, YA STUPID BASTICHES!

QUAKKA QUAKKA QUAKKA

WHOOOM!

BOOM!

CHOK!



TOO MUCH PLANNING HAS GONE INTO THIS FOR ME TO FAIL NOW! THE EARTH'S IMPURITIES MUST BE FLUSHED--

--AND ONLY I CAN DO IT!

MOCK DUCK



NO GO, JOE!



DONK!

ABBA



I'M NOT FINISHED YET!



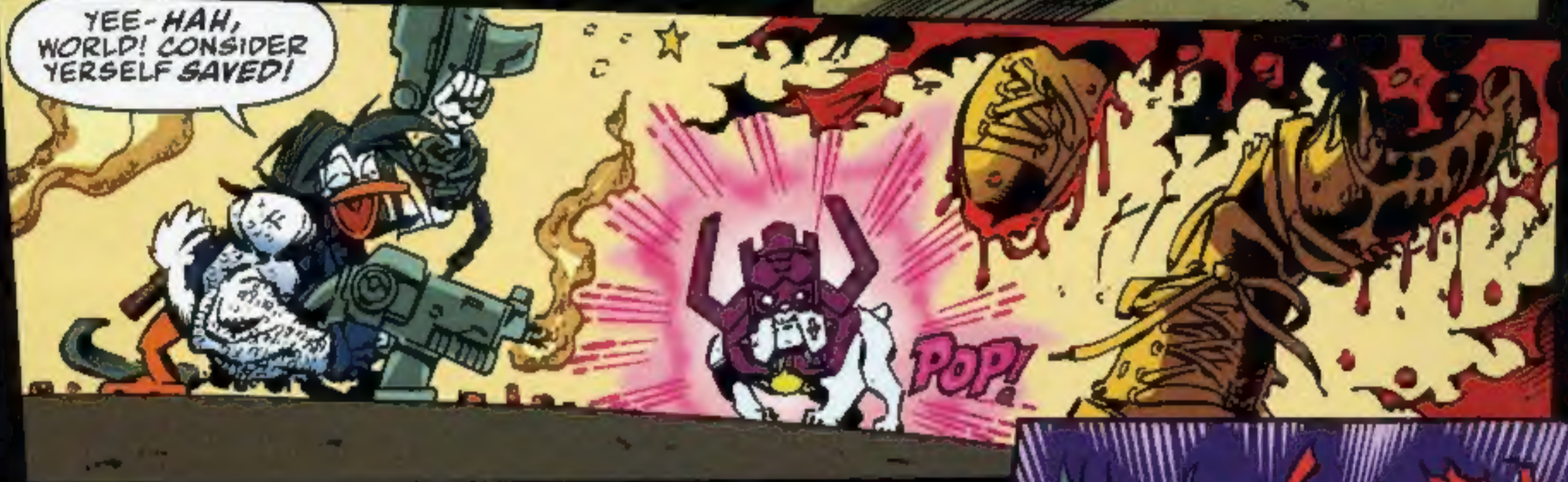
YA WILL BE--

--WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YA!



QUAKKA-QUAKKA!

QUAKKA-QUAKKA!



YEE-HAH, WORLD! CONSIDER YERSELF SAVED!

POP!



UM...

...THEN AGAIN...



KLACK!

THE GRAVITON METER'S POTENT RAYS ARC THROUGH SPACE, INSTANTLY CREATING A NEGATIVE FORCE FIELD AROUND THE STADIUM.

IRRESISTIBLY ATTRACTED BY THE COLLAPSED GRAVITY UNITS, THE MOON ITSELF-- YES, LUNA, WHOSE BEAMS HAVE LIT THE THREATENING NIGHT SINCE MAN HAD SEX IN CAVES-- CAREENS EARTHWARD AT IMPOSSIBLE SPEED--

~AND TOTAL MURKISH OBLIVION!



WUWRRZZZZ!

NEXT ISSUE > ARE YOU READY FOR THE GODTHING? YOU BETTER BE, 'CUZ EARTH MIGHT NOT SURVIVE WITHOUT HIM! BE HERE IN THIRTY FOR... "DON'T TELL MOM THE BOUNTY HUNTER'S DEAD!"

WAUGH!

POP!



Loads of positive feedback from all the preview copies I sent out. Let's hear what you fans had to say about Lobo the Duck!

Dear Hobo:

Thanks for sending me the preview copy of this new series called LOBO THE DUCK.

Obviously you had hoped for comments that might be positive and rewarding, yet critical without becoming too harsh and judgmental.

Well, you thought wrong!

This has to be the stupidest idea ever to come down the pike. A cigar-chomping duck who carries a hook for killing people? You fools have definitely run your course. Who's thinking of this stuff, monkeys?

Olav Sperling
The Black Forest, Germany



Dear Editor,

Hey! Thanks for sending me that early copy of LOBO THE DUCK! I can't stop reading it! It's great!

I have one favor to ask though: Could you send someone over to my apartment? My legs and butt have gone numb from sitting on the toilet for so long. That's the last time I read a comic in the bathroom again, let me tell you.

Charles J. Beemer
Dobbs Ferry, NY



Dear Idiots,

Thanks for nothing.

The incompetent lackey that sent out preview copies obviously didn't check to see if anything had been printed on the page. It was one big black and grey smear. The only page that was readable was the last page—some big machine making a loud noise and some stupid-looking duck with scraggly hair screaming: WAAUGGH!

I was wrong. Thanks for saving me money. I won't be picking up this junk on a monthly basis!

Olav Brown
Flushing, NY

Dear Amalgam:

First mistake: Your company name. Ugh. Sounds like some kinda new phlegm to cough up.

Now, I don't know about you, but I can suspend my disbelief just so much...a talking duck that shoots peo-

LOBO THE DUCK

ple? A villain that looks like a turnip? Beautiful, well-endowed women with breasts that defy gravity?...Well, maybe I can forgive you on that count. You must be allowed some creative license, otherwise what a dull, ugly world this would be.

Okay, maybe I'll give the second issue a chance. It had better not ship late next month, otherwise I'm not going to give LOBO THE DUCK a second chance.

Alan Gerber
Scotland



Duck You Sucker!

That was the name of a Sergio Leone movie made many years ago. I think it fits for this title. How about naming the lettercolumn DUCK YOU SUCKER and giving me lots of free stuff? I know some people who win cool stuff when they name a lettercolumn. I think my time is here. Money would be good. Or a trip to New York with tickets for the Jay Letterman show. A suite at The Plaza would also be nice; my wife always wanted to see New York in style. Oh, and a shopping spree at FAO Schwarz and a hundred thousand dollar gift certificate to the Fox Bros. store on Fifth Avenue would also be great. Heard they sell animation cels. Also, I figure I'd be deserving of some original artwork. I'd like to get the original art boards for at least ten complete books. I'd hate to get single pages and not have the entire story.

Now, about the black and white advance copy you sent...

WOW!

When are they gonna make an action figure of LOBO THE DUCK? It'd rule! And can you imagine the cool dawg that kinda POPS in and out of the scenes? You could have different little costumes to put on the dawg. I like the Galactiac helmet the best. And make sure that the Lobo the Duck figure talks. Have it go: WAAUGHH! I'll definitely buy it—unless, of course, you can throw that into the free stack o' stuff I'll be gettin' when you announce my win-

ning of the lettercolumn contest.

Peter Grant
Montauk, NY



Dear Lobo the Duck,
It's about time that the hunted became the hunters.

Blessed are the vegetarians, for they

shall eat the Earth.

Or something like that...

Roger Giffen
Jerkwater, MI



Dear Lobo the Duck,

Finally! A wacky, quacky, daffy comic! I'm beside myself with glee. I've been looking for a title that I could let my small children read. Buffy and Jody are twins, they're six years old and just the right age to enjoy a book like this.

Since I read them the first issue, all they do is scream and yell in the middle of the night: "Lobo the Duck!" I go in their room and see their sweat-drenched faces and blankets pulled tight with excitement, unable to contain their youthful exuberance for the second issue. At a recent school night, their first grade teacher showed me the wonderful renditions my kids did in beautiful Crayola color of Lobo the Duck eviscerating the Space Turnip. The rendering seemed almost professional. Their knowledge of the intestinal tract and other internal organs was mighty impressive. I think they're headed to art school when they get older, or maybe even medical school. One can only hope.

So thank you for stimulating my children with your beautiful little story about the adventures of Lobo the Duck. We're waiting with bated breath for the next issue.

Keith Slifer
Mayberry RFD



NEXT ISSUE: Things heat up for Lobo the Duck. Not many fowls like to hear that, I can tell you. So be here next month when the feathers fly and the guns bark in what we dare to call: "For Whom the Bill Tolls."

—Peter T.

This month's cover by
Semeiks and Dell.

WAAUGHH!!

AMALGAM

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